



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers..

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



"ME AND MY PARTNER."



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Keppeler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, December 25th, 1889.—No. 668.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MR. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, now of Fremont, Ohio, may not have been President; but he was frequently right. It must be said for Mr. Hayes, after all the years which he has spent in an oblivion mitigated only by the mild joys of chicken-raising, that he gave the country a very respectable and well-meaning administration. That administration has been characterized by a member of his own party as a "poultice;" but it must be admitted that it was an honest, comfortable, flabby, wholesome poultice, that attended strictly to business, and helped to heal a good many raw spots in the body politic, North and South.

Mr. Benjamin Harrison indubitably is President; and the Harrison family is all right; but it seems to be generally admitted that in no other respect is his administration to be considered a success. There has never been a President of the United States, if we except Andrew Johnson—not a president-elect—who has so grievously disappointed his party and the people of the whole country as Benjamin Harrison. He is, as was Hayes, a man of limited intellect and narrow experience; but he has not even the one saving grace of Hayes—the consciousness of his weakness. Hayes surrounded himself with men of acknowledged ability, and he was, in most important matters, guided by their superior wisdom. But poor Mr. Harrison is not at all surprised at finding himself President of the United States; and really thinks that he is quite as capable of filling the place as Mr. Hayes was. It is a sad delusion.

It is not to be wondered at that there are many Republicans to-day who freely assert that, were the election of November of last year to be held over again, they would vote for Mr. Cleveland and not for Mr. Harrison. It is not probable that the most of them would make good their assertions. In the excitement of a national election they would, in all likelihood, set aside the dictates of their cooler judgement, and vote according to their ingrained party prejudices, precisely as they did at the last election. Yet it is beyond a doubt that if to-day a national election brought Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison before the people as opposed candidates, Mr. Cleveland would be elected by a majority so great that no treachery of local politicians of his own state could perceptibly reduce it.

But how comes it that to-day, in the judgement of the people, Mr. Cleveland, the candidate defeated thirteen months ago, is so strong, and Mr. Harrison, the candidate elected at that time, so weak? It comes in a simple and natural way. The American people have been doing a great deal of solid thinking since November of last year. Then they were too hot and angry, too excited, too set in their own prejudices and partisan ideas, to do much thinking of any sort. The Democrat voted for Mr. Cleveland because he was a Democrat. The Republican voted for Mr. Harrison because he was a Republican. The Independent voter, it is true, did some thinking, and he voted for Mr. Cleveland—and anticipated by a year the sober thought of the country.

The people, thinking it over in a quiet, sensible way, have come to the conclusion that the present customs tariff certainly does need reforming, and that reducing the duties on raw materials does not mean that the nation is to be sent into bankruptcy by a sudden adoption of the free trade policy. They have furthermore learned, by means of a highly interesting object lesson, that civil service reform is something more than a name and a dream—that it is, in fact, a plain, downright business necessity to any honest and efficient government. These truths have become clear to the people, now that they have had time to think, the duty of shouting having been performed. And one other truth is dawning upon them—that their republican government, as it has been conducted

by the Republican party, has been run largely for the benefit of certain great corporations and business associations whose interests are any thing but identical with those of the people.

This truth is becoming clearer and clearer day by day. It was known to the independent voters who supported Mr. Cleveland in 1888; it is known now by thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of those who opposed him a year ago. And all these people who know now that the Republican party has prostituted itself to serve the purposes of these business organizations know also that no reform, in this direction, may be expected from within the party. They know that if the power of the "Trusts" and the "protected" monopolies is to be fought, it must be fought by a political party that is not, through its leaders and masters, pledged to uphold these combinations against the will of the people and against the general public interest.

So it comes about that there are followers, in and out of his own party, for the man who stood up in Boston, on the 12th of December, and boldly denounced "the present tendency toward a Government partnership in trade." The iniquity of the association of which he spoke was apparent to every one of his hearers: to thousands of others, who have suffered by that association, it is far more clearly apparent. Is it to be wondered at that a statesman who is willing to fight this great injustice, who has, moreover, shown his willingness and his ability to strive for an equitable revision of the tariff, and for the maintenance and extension of a decent business system in the government civil service, should have the warm and earnest backing of thousands who have been educated in a political creed which, in name, is opposed to his? It is not to be wondered at, in any way. All that we have to wonder at is that there are not more Republicans like Governor Ames of Massachusetts and Mr. Andrew Carnegie of Great Britain and Pittsburgh. On the 12th of December, Mr. Ames expressed a wish—honest, no doubt, but somewhat futile—that he might, on going out of office, "receive as much esteem and respect from his political opponents as Mr. Cleveland had from his." Mr. Andrew Carnegie, one of these political opponents, anticipated the best friends of the Ex-President by suggesting that he should be "run again" for the office of Chief Magistrate. And neither Mr. Ames nor Mr. Carnegie could have expected Mr. Cleveland to be a party to "a Government partnership in trade."



KANSAS NEVER DOES ANY THING
BY HALVES.

FAIR BOSTONIAN (instructing her KANSAS COUSIN).
—Always sip soup from the side of the spoon.
KANSAS COUSIN (desperately). —Yes; but I can't
git it in sideways.

SARTOR RESARTUS



(While the Train Stops at Albuquerque.)

THE PRETTY WIDOW.
Ah, what a quaint and interesting place!
Are you quite certain that the train won't start?

THE PROFESSOR.
Ten minutes yet! 'Tis pleasant thus to pace
The platform — and with such a kindred heart!

THE PRETTY WIDOW.
Such striking types one sees on every hand!
Here the intrusive Yankee, there the Don —
The lord and the usurper of the land —
And furtive peons, smoking on and on.



THE PROFESSOR.
Ah, by your side —

THE PRETTY WIDOW.
O-Oh! What a *sweet* pappoose
Slung on its tawny mother's back! And there
That stalwart brave — Great Cooper, what a use!
The noble Red Man peddling pottery-ware!

THE PROFESSOR.
Would I might always stray —

THE PRETTY WIDOW.
Ah, what a *Man*!
I mean yon cowboy — what embodied force!
What chest and neck, and what a lovely tan!
And such queer leathern — overalls, of course!
I *love* a Man —

THE PROFESSOR.
I think we'd best go back —
THE PRETTY WIDOW.
He looks so out-of-doors! So brave! So —
hard!

THE PROFESSOR.
But hear his speech! How cultureless and slack!
"Hello, old Maverick! How they comin',
pard?"

THE PRETTY WIDOW.
Well, I don't care! He's *lovely*! And I hate —

THE PROFESSOR (*savagely*).
Those who do not so ignorantly speak
As your "Eureka?"

THE COWBOY.
Sir, the aspirate!
You'll find the word's *Heureka* in the Greek!

THE PROFESSOR (*quite losing himself*).
Were you at Squantum University,
I'd beat some information into you!

THE COWBOY (*blandly*).
Thanks, awfully! I collared one degree —
Summa cum laude — Harvard '82!

Chas. F. Lummis.



CHRISTMASTIDE — Those who Wed Dec. 25th.

THE KING OF BEASTS never reigns but he roars.

IT IS a wise fool who knows enough to keep it to himself.

AT A CHRISTMAS DANCE, one should trip the light, fantastic mistletoe.

EARLY TO BED and early to rise will give you no chance to do quiet work in the bedlam of a city.

RESPECTABILITY IS CONTAGIOUS, but, like other contagions, you can't always catch it when you want it.

A REPUBLICAN HOLDS OFFICE under Harrison as long as he can hold his tongue; a Democrat, as long as he can hold his breath.

AMIAILITY IS to be admired, of course; but the man who is too good-natured to find fault with any thing, can hardly pose as an appreciator of good things.

A BAD POEM, like a cat, always falls on its feet.

THE CIPHER is an example of something for nothing.

IT WAS a cold day for Rome when it got down to Nero.

A STRANDED ORATOR out west tried to "spout" his speeches, but failed.

SOME OF THE old statues recently dug up in Greece are not considered what they were cracked up to be.

THE REASON why Robinson Crusoe never went mad on his island, Cedric, is just this: he had no chance to get into debt.

"ELECTRICITY IS LIFE," says the advertiser. Too much of it seems to have the effect of Ayesha's second plunge in the pillar of fire.

NOAH BROUGHT two of every kind into the ark, but the masculine partner of the mother-in-law joke seems to have had a very feeble constitution.

A BOOM IN TRADE.



HEIMSTEIN, JR.—Oxcuse me vile I shpeaks to mein fader. He vos up in der nindth story stackin' diamonds. How much on a forty-eight carat real Prazilian, fader?



HEIMSTEIN, SR. (forgetting himself).—VAT ?!

THE TENOR'S CHRISTMAS.



CHRISTMAS EVE, and the great opera house packed from gallery to orchestra chairs! The manager's face wore a glad Christmas smile as he counted up the receipts in the box-office, and reflected on the fact that he would be able to get through the holidays without calling again on the stockholders. It was a genuine Christmas audience, eager for Verdi's music, pleased with the soprano, delighted with the ballet, and enthusiastic over the new tenor.

And well they might have been, for surely, since the days when Mario "soothed with a tenor note," no such godlike *Maurico* had ever wakened the old Academy to storms of applause like those which made the very rafters ring this glad Christmas Eve.

There was a hush through the whole house, and many a bright eye grew dim, many a girlish heart beat quick and fast as the clear, beautiful notes of "*Ah che la morté*" rang out from the moonlit tower.

There were flowers from the boxes and the clapping of gloved hands, and a storm of hoarse bravos from the gallery when he strode down to the footlights, and, with his gleaming sword in his right hand, sang the "*Di quella pira*!" as it had not been sung in New York in many a year.

And now the great academy is deserted, the brilliant audience dispersed to spread the fame of the new singer, and in a dozen newspaper offices the critics, still in evening dress, are busy penning the story of his triumph.

And now the Christmas chimes are pealing merrily from the tall steeples, and the great holiday has begun in mansion and tenement; in the splendid resorts of the rich, where the wine bubbles over the cut-glass rim, and in the bar-rooms, where men wish one another a "Merry Christmas," and clasp hands over their spirits or strong ale.

"I wonder where he is now, and how he will pass his Christmas," murmurs Maude to herself, as the bubbles in the wine glass kiss her lips, and her thoughts go out to the splendid dark-eyed hero, whose voice thrilled every fibre of her being but an hour ago.

From the stage door of the Academy of Music a silent, shrouded figure passes with soft tread across the sidewalk of Fourteenth Street and stops in front of the bill-board on which is posted the announcement of the opera.

It is *Maurico*, the hero of *Trovatore*, and he is measuring the letters of his name with a foot-rule, to see if they are as large as those used in the name of the soprano whom he adores—on the stage.

They are a little larger; and so, with the longing of his heart satisfied, and a glad Christmas feeling in his breast, he wends his way toward the Apollo Belvedere Hotel.

The Tenor's Christmas has begun.

J. L. Ford.

THE UNSEEN MOTE.

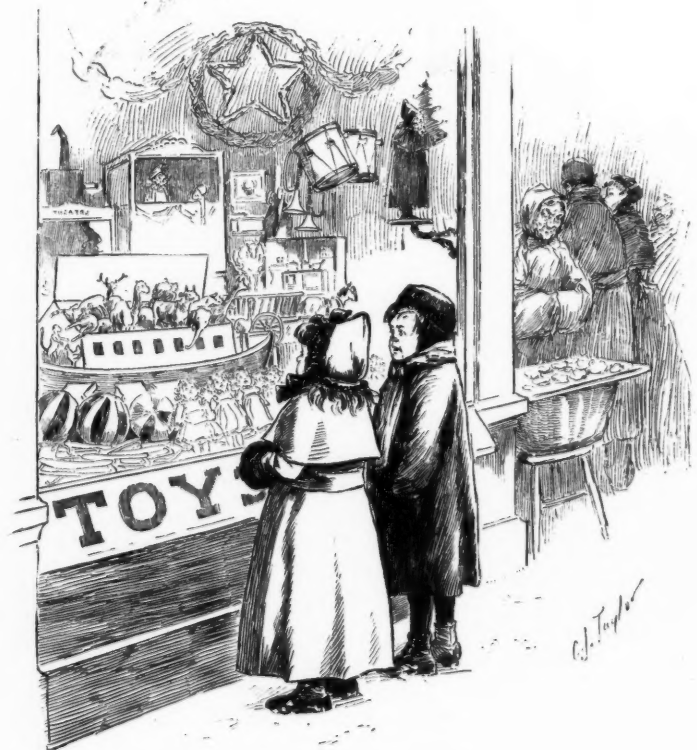
DOCTOR.—I am sorry, sir, but your case is hopeless. You are suffering from nervous prostration, from palpitation of the heart, and from a cancer in the throat, all brought on by your excessive smoking of cigars.

JOURNALIST.—Is there no remedy?

DOCTOR.—None whatever! But I interrupted you; what were you writing when I came in?

JOURNALIST.—An editorial on the deadly cigarette.

HOWEVER MUCH the American girl may satirize the foreign "Lord," it is observed that, whatever her profession, she clings with hooks of steel to the title of "Lady."



A SERIOUS QUESTION.

DICKY DOODLEBINKS (to DOTTY DOODLEBINKS).—Do you s'pose Mama would like that Noah's Ark?

A NEW CREED.



GROUP of theologians met
To modernize their creed,
Which held that black is white, and yet
Had satisfied their need.

Their great-grandfathers learned it on
Their great-grandmothers' knees,
About predestination and
Electoral decrees.

In language more ambiguous
Than Latin upside-down,
It taught that some are born to sin,
And some to wear the crown.

These learned theologians fought,
Disputed, argued long;
And each one held that he was right,
And all the rest were wrong.

They all admitted that the creed
Was somewhat out of date,
But still they were not all agreed
Just what to renovate.

But when their work was finished quite,
Their creed did nothing lack;
For where it once read "black is white,"
It now reads "white is black."

E. Frank Lintaber.

THE REASON WHY.

NEW YORKER (*discussing World's Fair*).—Well, there's no grass
growing in the streets of New York, any how!

CHICAGOAN.—Very true; you don't leave your pavements down long
enough for it to take root!

CAN'T HELP HIMSELF.

ANDIRON.—I could n't get up to the tree last night.

GIFT.—I was there.

ANDIRON.—Well, you are always present everywhere.

THE DOG-SAUSAGE JOKER may now aim at larger game. Horses are
being put through the mill.



AN IMITATIVE NUISANCE.

MRS. FUSSY.—Dear, dear! I wonder what makes
the parrot swear so!

MR. FUSSY (*who has his own views on the subject.*)
—I suppose he has picked up the remarks that the neighbors
make about him!

TOO MUCH X-MAS FARE.

FIRST STOCKING.—You look pretty rocky this morning.

SECOND STOCKING.—Well, I'm not so full as you are, any how!

NO X-MAS FOR JAY.

MR. KIRBY STONE.—Is it true that Santa Claus never visits Jay
Gould's house?

MR. WM. STREET.—Yes; it's quite true.

MR. KIRBY STONE.—How is that?

MR. WM. STREET.—Well, Kirby, you see he did go there once, and
Jay caught him and sold him a large block of Western Union before he
would let him go. Santa Claus is n't like the boys in the street; he has
too much sense to go back.

A BUSINESS CHANCE.

ANXIOUS MAMA (*of six daughters, to ELDEST*).—Ethel, you really
must exert yourself more. Here it is the middle of your second season,
and you have n't had a single good offer yet. You know I must bring
Clara out next season, and Maud the next; and there are three to
come after them.

ETHEL.—Yes, Mama, I have been considering the matter, and I
think the only way is for you to persuade Papa to buy us all a machine,
and let us learn typewriting.

A KEEN HUNIER.

MR. FOXHALL GAMMON.—I say, old chap, are you going to ride at
the Teachester Hunt's meet?

MR. J. PAPER WAYTE.—No, deah boy; they use such stwong aniseed
in their bag that the odah quite ovahpowahs me.



THE JOYS OF NOEL.

FIRST DARLING.—What did you do on Christmas day?

SECOND DARLING.—I sucked the paint off a red horse.

FIRST DARLING.—I swallowed a cent and a handful of
sawdust.

AT THE OPERA.

MRS. EMPTEHEDDE (*staring across the house, while
Lehmann and Perotti are singing*).—I declare, there
is Mrs. Pumicestone wearing that same old gown that
she wore every night last season. She ought really
to get another, or stay at home.

USHER (*entering the box, timidly*).—Mrs.
Pumicestone presents her compliments, and says she
can hear your conversation clear across the house.

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

BOY BLUE.—Santa Claus must have been crazy, this year!

PRECIOUS BABY.—Why do you think so?

BOY BLUE.—Why, he left a big elephant at my house that
mews like a kitten.

TRUTH DOES NOT always hide in rhymes,
But paste this in your eye:
At Christmas, and all other times,
Don't hang your socks too high.

AS REGARDS THE World's Fair, there is n't a doubt now but what the
good Chicago people will get there with both feet—that is, taking
for granted, of course, that New York can accommodate the feet.





HE WAS FIXED FOR X-MAS.

LITTLE JOHNNY. — What's the matter with Sister Mame's operas?

CHRISTMAS, A. D. 2000.

(A Chapter from "Seeing Backwards," a Socialistic Novel by Edward Bedlamy.)



THE CRASH of the first notes of a Wagnerian chorus, coming from the phonograph close at my ear, hurled me out of bed. I looked at the clock. It was twenty-seven minutes past four, State time. I had set the phonograph at that hour with a definite purpose. I desired to be up bright and early upon this, the first Christmas morning since I had been dug up out of my long sleep of one hundred and thirteen years.

I flung off my night-shirt and stood completely dressed, as I had been the night before. I smiled as I thought of the vast improvement which one century had wrought in the method of performing the morning toilet. I recalled how I used to stand first on one foot, and then on the other, to pull on my trousers, usually spilling a quantity of keys and small change from the pockets in the operation; and how I used to fight my way inside of my vest and coat, strewing the floor with pocket-book, match-case and poker-chips, *ad libitum*.

Strange, I reflected, that we great *soi disant* geniuses of the nineteenth century never thought of so simple a device as that of going to bed with our night-shirts over our day attire.

I went downstairs, marvelling greatly that no plan had yet been hit upon by which the State could do the going up and downstairs for the people, so saving them the trouble of doing it themselves. I expected to find Miss Ethel in the hallway, but in this I was disappointed. I had anticipated much enjoyment in watching, with her, the delighted transports of the children, who were then stopping at the house of my host, over their presents. But she was not there, nor could I discern any signs of there being any body else in the vicinity. Half unconsciously I repeated the, to me, familiar poetic line:

"Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

(For the benefit of my reader, I will explain that the mouse was a minute nocturnal quadruped that formerly infested houses, gnawing holes in the floors, and eating provisions, to the great annoyance of the inmates. It was long since exterminated by the State.)

The quiet condition of the house on this occasion filled me with amazement. In my own time, a child who had not left his bed at this hour on Christmas morning was either dangerously ill or hopelessly crippled. I looked into the parlor. Everything wore its every-day aspect. There were no little stockings hanging from the edge of the mantel-piece; nothing at all to indicate what I had been accustomed to regard as the chief characteristic of the holiday.

Can it be, I asked myself, that the custom of giving presents to the children has fallen into desuetude? After loitering lonesomely about the

room for half an hour, I took up the morning papers, which had been blown in from the pneumatic tube, and returned to my room. I sat down by the window and looked out. The grass was green, and my nostrils were greeted with the fragrance of an adjacent flower-garden. Surely, it is a great State that conceived the idea of banishing the rigors of northern winters, by placing enormous imitation suns, capable of being turned at will into a state of violent incandescence, upon the summits of stupendous towers, reared at necessary intervals throughout the country.

I opened the first of the pile of papers. It was a copy of the Christmas edition of the *DAILY PUCK*. I had known this periodical in my former years as a fearless, independent publication, engaged in indefatigable warfare against the follies and iniquities of the day. I had greatly admired it at that time; for, in common with many people of my class, I had believed individual independence to be a noble trait. It is a singular fact that *Puck* still clings to the fallacy of individual liberty, and now boldly hurls its shafts of wit, fun and satire against the very State itself, by which it refuses to be absorbed.

I was engaged in reading when the breakfast bell sounded. I descended and joined the family at the table. Prompted by the thought uppermost in my mind, I abruptly addressed the little girl at my side with:

"Well, Miss Oxalis, did Santa Claus pay you a visit last night?"

Seeing by the inquiring look in the child's eyes that she did not understand my question, I was about to repeat it, when Dr. Beete interposed, with a light laugh. (It strikes me as one of the most novel features of this new social life, that people laugh very frankly at a solecism committed by a stranger. Under the old conventionalities this would be considered a serious breach of etiquette.)

"You again fail to bear in mind, Mr. East, the order of things which now obtains," said the doctor. "Your Santa Claus, as I understand it, was a mythical character, who, children were made to believe, came down the chimney at Christmas Eve, and filled their stockings with presents; the presents, of course, having really been given by the parents. Now, when you consider that children no longer belong to the parents, but to the State, you will see that such a custom would be impossible. Parents have no more right to make their children presents than they have to punish them when they are willful, or to call a doctor when they are ill. All this must be done by the State. Besides, as the first of January is the day on which old credit cards run out and new ones are issued, parents, as a rule, have very little credit to expend for presents at this time.

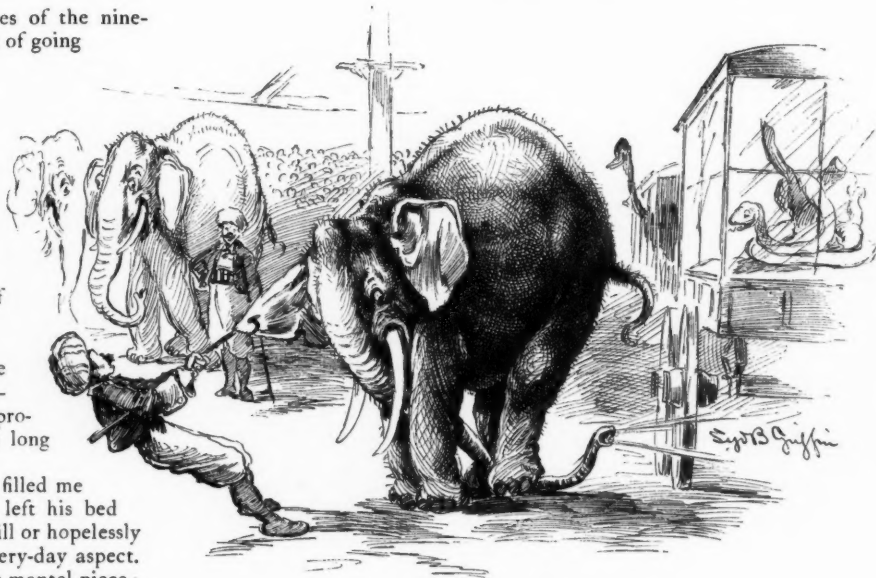
"The form of making presents to children is, to some extent, observed by the State. Every boy and girl may, by calling at the distributing store of his or her district between the hours of nine and twelve this morning, receive a handsome doll as a gift."

"What, dolls for boys!" I exclaimed.

"Certainly. Why not? The fundamental principle of our system is that a girl and a boy, of the same age, are equal, and must receive the same treatment. To give one a doll and the other a trumpet would be to draw a mortifying distinction between the two. The only difference we recognize is in the ages of the children. Thus, a child of three years old receives a doll three inches long. One of four receives a doll four inches long. And so on up to the age of fifteen, when the gift-receiving comes to an end."

I marvelled greatly at what I had heard, continued to marvel all day, and did some more marvelling after I had retired at night.

George A. Elder.



SELF-DETENTION.

PROF. L. E. PHANTASIA. — What's the trouble there, Selim?
SELIM (for professional purposes only). — Please, sir, Pluto thinks he's ketched th' boy-c'nstructor, an' he won't budge.



NO NEED OF HIM.

SANTA CLAUS.—Jove! those stockings are already well filled!

HER PRESENTS.



THE CHRISTMAS SUN, nine o'clock high, peeking into the old red barn through a rime-fringed knot-hole on the side toward Old Man Rankin's, finds me still doddering around in an attempt to fool myself into the belief that I am busy. Chores all done in spite of my care to make them string out as long as possible. Whistle weak but cheerful, pweeping softly the same old love tune that I whistled another Christmas morning, long ago, when, like today, I was just a-doddering around, kind of waiting for — expecting — I scarcely knew what. Just a "hand" then I was, working for old 'Squire Hale, who — but it was not of the old 'Squire that I was thinking that morning, but of Addie.

I had been thinking, all the morning, of how like an angel she — I have learned since that there never were any angels in that part of Indiana — looked as —

There was a little swish behind me, a pair of soft hands were clasped over my eyes, a sweet, fluttering breath fanned my cheek as a dimpled chin rested on my shoulder, and a roguish voice chirped:

"Guess!"

Did n't I know? Would n't the dainty perfume that floated around her have told me if nothing else did?

"Santa Claus!" I answered, intent upon prolonging the time of the sweet captivity. "What shall my Christmas gift be?"

The little hands over my eyes trembled a trifle, the breath on my cheek fluttered faster. After a little pause the soft voice whispered shyly:

"This Santa Claus has only one thing to give — myself!"

Many a Christmas has passed since little Addie gave me that blessed Christmas

gift. The old 'Squire gave us the home place when he died — his wife had gone before — and they call me the 'Squire now.

Same old love tune softly pweeped, same old sun shining through the same old knot-hole, same — a soft step behind me, a hand on my shoulder, a voice in my ear:

"Your wife's Christmas present to you, 'Squire —"

"What, Doctor?"

"A boy, the —"

"The thirteenth, Doctor!"

"I wish you a Merry Christmas, 'Squire!"

"The same to you, Doctor!"

Tom P. Morgan.

IT WOULD DO FOR THAT.

MR. E. VIEWER.—This new book I brought home is the veriest trash. I don't like to put it in the library.

MRS. VIEWER.—Then let us give it to somebody for a Christmas present.

AN INCENTIVE.

"Have you really signed as pitcher on the nine?" she asked, breathlessly.

"I have," he answered.

"Then I am ewers," she replied.

"I AM WELL AWARE," said the tramp to the facetious gentleman he had accosted, "that one swallow does not make a Summer; but I would like to have enough to mitigate the rigors of the present climate a little."

IF EVER WE get the South American republics annexed, we can have a Revolution or a War of Secession every morning before breakfast. This might break up the old-soldier monopoly, but it would give the monthly magazine industry a great boom.

THE OH-NO-WE-NEVER-MENTION-IT locality is paved with good intentions; but the man who sprinkles ashes on the icy sidewalk is macadamizing his own road to glory.



AT THE LITERARY RECEPTION.

FIRST AUTHOR (*In background*).—Tollerby seems to be a perfect lion to-night; I can't see why they're making such a fuss over him.

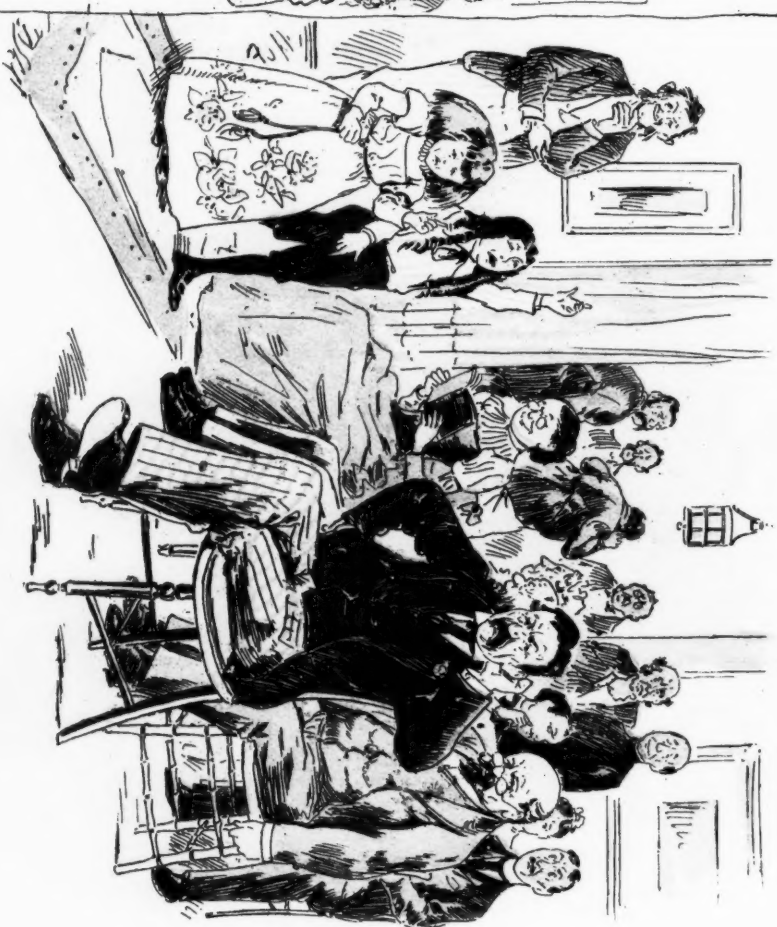
SECOND LITTO.—Have n't you heard? He's been accused of plagiarizing the plot and all the characters of his last novel, and his publishers can't print 'em fast enough to supply the demand.



The Child whose Parents Keep it Supplied with Plenty of Nice Fairy Stories, with Lots of Goblins and Bogies in them.



The Parents who Drag Children with them on Shopping Excursions.



The Parents who Inflict Infant Recitations on their Suffering Friends.

SOME FOND AND FOOLISH PARENTS OF THE PERIOD. — A LITTLE CHRISTMAS SERMON.

PUCK.



The Parents who Think High-Class Music is "Improving" for Children.



The Child whose Parents Subject it to the Early Forcing Process of Study.



The Parents who Believe in Dosing their Children with "Good Strong Medicine, and Plenty of It."



BRUIN AND THE BARE SPOT.

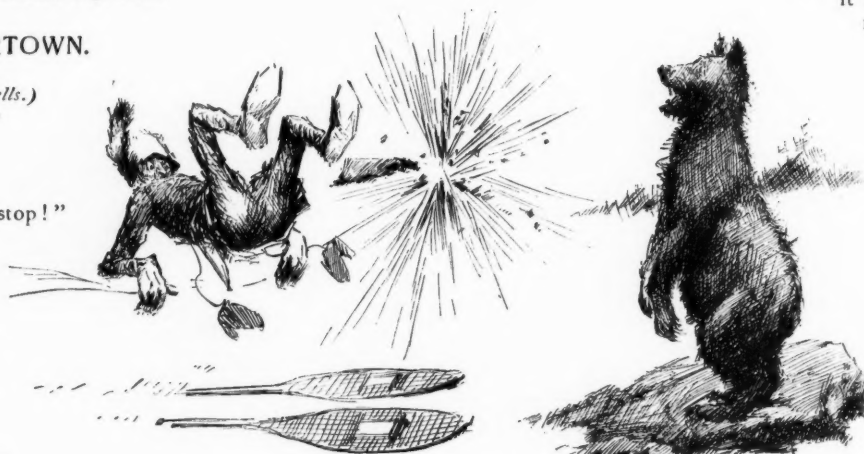


When snow had covered deep the ground,
A bear by snow-shoed sport was found
Upon a rocky eminence,
Having no snow-shoes to go thence.

COURTSHIP IN PETERTOWN.

(With apologies to Mr. Howells.)

"Now, you, Bob Simpson!"
"What 'm I doing?"
"Oh, you know."
"I don't, either."
"Oh, you big story-teller — stop!"
"Stop what?"
"You know, very well."
"No, I don't."
"Oh, Bob Simpson, ain't you 'fraid you 'll go to the bad place for telling such awful stories? Stop, now!"
"I ain't doing any thing."
"Aw—w—w!"
"I ain't!"
"Where you got your arm?"
"Where I want it."
"You ought to be so asha—a—a—amed!"
"Pooh! What of?"
"Oh, you know — now, you take your arm right away."
"I shan't."
"What if I call Paw and Maw?"
"Huh! No danger of that."
"I will, too!"
"Let 's hear you."
"Aw! what if somebody should see you with your arm there?"
"Pooh! I would n't care."
"I 'd be so asha—a—a—amed!"
"Humph! What 's the matter of me putting my arm around you if I want to?"
"It ain't nice; and you just shan't, so there!"
"Can't help yourself."
"I 'll call Paw."
"You said that once."
"Go 'way, you dreadful thing! Quit that, now!"
"Quit what?"
"Aw, you know."
"No, I don't."
"Trying to kiss me!"
"I was n't either, but I will now."
"No, you shan't!"
"We 'll see — here goes!"
"Aw — oh — go 'way! — stop! — quit that — aw! — tee hee! — quit! — aw, you!"
"Ah, ha — kissed you nine times."
"You dreadful, horrid, thing! Now, I 'll never speak to you again!"



There Bruin slept. He 'd long to wait,
So took a little hibernate,
And in his isolation trusted.
The hunter's gun, long rusted, busted.



The March of Modern Improvements.

SANTA CLAUS (emerging). — It 's all right — it 's all right — but I was originally built for wood fires and open flues!

A LOW BALL — The Party that Mrs. Flanerty Gave in the Cellar.

PETRONELLA'S PIPE.

I WOULD LIKE PUCK to forward this original anecdote of the "late unpleasantness" to the "Editor's Drawer." I am sure that it has never appeared in print before, and may never again.

Sherman's army was made up of men of many nationalities besides Americans. There were Germans, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Irishmen and Italians. It is with one of the latter nation that my anecdote deals.

Guisepe Petronella had been drafted in New York City, where he kept a cigar store. He was a rather testy individual, and, needless to say, the boys soon found it out, and had no end of fun teasing him.

His accent was inimitable. It was never what he said, but the way he pronounced it, that made his remarks laughable.

During a lull in the battle of Plum Tree Gum, Petronella was smoking a dainty meerschaum pipe, when a bullet came along and cut it in two. The boys began to laugh, and Petronella rose to his feet, coloring violently, and said, with his droll Italian accent — I can't give it because I'm not a dialectician — "You need n't laugh — it was my pipe."

As I say, it was the accent that made it funny, and the boys fairly roared.

Chas. Battell Loomis.

GENEROSITY.

ELEVATOR. — I gave Santa Claus a Lift for Christmas.

CHIMNEY. — Did you? I gave him a nice black soot.

BRITON. — No, sir, the sun never sets on the British Empire.

YANK. — And Her Royal Highness seems determined that the son shall never "set" on the British Throne.



At this explosion Bruin woke,
And, quick to see and take a joke,
Availed himself of means at hand,
And footed it to firmer land.

A CHICAGO HOLLY-BERRY.

MR. GREEN. — Miss Wobbash, may I take you under the mistletoe?
MISS WOBASH. — What 's the matter with taking me under the nose?

A TEAR FOR THE TIME.

Woe to the age! The age that men call free,
That lets so rank an imposition pass.
I saw last night an imitation tree,
And lit — no, not with candles, but with gas.

A COLD DAY.

"There is plenty of room at the top," said the Thermometer.
"I know it," returned the Mercury; "but I'm 'froze out' just now!"

HOW JOHNNY LOST THE PRIZE.

His family and friends were there,
His uncles, cousins, aunts;
And all were sure that for the prize
Their Johnny had best chance.



'T was Johnny's turn to speak his piece;
He said, with outstretched hands:
"Under a spreading blacksmith tree
The village chestnut stands!"

T. J.

A FACT JUST DISCOVERED.

"What is Dom Pedro's surname, John?"
asked Mrs. Cumso.
"McGinty!" replied Cumso, promptly.

NO QUESTION OF HEARTS.

BRO. WANAMAKER. — Our hearts should be large enough to take in the whole human family.
THE PRESIDENT. — Yes; but if there were offices enough to take in the whole Harrison family, I should be satisfied.

AND STILL THE FUND IS SWELLING.

"In closing up this year's matters," said the secretary of the Chicago millionaire to his boss, "I find that there are 2,413 1/2 pounds of ice left in your ice house from last Winter's supply — I have thought that —"

"You are right," replied the great man with a majestic gesture; slightly closing one of his blazing orbs: "Send it to the Chicago World's Fair Committee."

And the reporters of the great dailies flew in all directions to spread the glad tidings.

THE ONLY WAY.

"Do you suppose Chicago will get the Fair?"
"Yes — if she'll annex New York."

THE MAN who comes within an ace of winning the turkey after spending ten dollars in vain endeavor, and then goes home, and with a bright though somewhat sickly smile passes off on his wife for a simon pure raffle prize the bird he purchased at the market on his way home, has our sympathy.

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

ILLS.

Oh, this life is full of ills!
There's the doctor with his pills;
There's the lawyer, fighting wills;
There's the dentist with his drills;
There's the poet with his thrills
'Bout the everlasting hills,
Or the mossy pebbled rills,
(Oh, that we could steal his quills!)
There's the maiden, with the frills,
Who attempts the latest trills,
And she cares not whom she kills;
There's the cook that never grills;
There's the thief a-tapping tills;
And the Jacks not hunting Jills.
But the ill of all the ills —
One my soul with sorrow fills,
Turns me white up to the gills,
And my very marrow chills —
Is those coming Christmas bills.

Tom T. Myler.

LET HIM HAVE IT.

"What is the baby crying about?"
"Oh, nothing much. He wants to eat the Christmas tree."

THE BRAZILIAN QUESTION SOLVED.

I've thought of a post that the Knight of the plumes

With most elegant grandeur would fill —
Just send him to Rio, and let him come out
As King Jimmy the First of Brazil.

FLORA ODORIFERA.

"Mercy, John, the carpet must be on fire somewhere!"
"Oh, no. That odor comes from one of those cigars you gave me. Your brother is smoking it in the next room."

WE MAY BURY the electric wires if we want to, but they are very far from being dead.

COSMO CARLISLE is not yet able to comprehend why Miss Prissy Sere, who has been thrown over by five lovers, got so angry when he asked her how she liked "Looking Backward."



AN UNGRATEFUL COMPARISON.

LORD DUFFERLY (on his first visit to New York).
—Who is that distinguished-looking man we just passed? Why, he has the bearing of a Duke!
MR. FORUNDRED. — 'Sh! Don't let him hear you! That's a captain of police!

One or two teaspoonfuls

FRED. BROWN'S GINGER

with a gill of hot water,
sweetened to taste, and
swallowed at bed-time,
will insure against sudden
chills and other accidents
of disease.

DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS

33 UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK

595



CONVICTION

that the neglected and much-abused article called soup is almost necessary in the every-day bill-of-fare; that it is wholesome, economical, and, when properly made, delicious, sent me (Marion Harland) in search of methods by which even the over-wrought mother "who does her own work" may set a good, nutritious soup on the table daily without serious increase of expense and labor. She found them at our establishment, and if you want to know how and all about it, send to us for her article on soup-making, which appeared in a recent issue of *The Home Maker*—free, of course.

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consommé Mullagatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, French Bouillon, Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Clam Broth.

Send us 14 cents to help pay express and receive a sample can, your choice.

The Franco-American Food Co.,

42 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Please Mention PUCK.

Have you used Packer's Tar Soap for the Toilet, Bath or Shampooing?

Its use is a luxury; imparting clear, soft, smooth, healthful skin and vigorous hair; cures Dandruff and Skin Diseases; prevents Chapping. 25 cts. All druggists.

For sample, mention Puck, and send 4 stamps to

THE PACKER MFG CO.,
100 Fulton St., N. Y.

Blair's Pills. — Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sore Prompt and Effective. Large Box 54; Small 14 Pills. At druggists. 724

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warehouses: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1318 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club B'd'g.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main Street.

LAREDO, TEXAS.

THE IDEAL WINTER RESORT.

LAREDO possesses an excellent climate for invalids and consumptives.

The City is situated 60 feet above the Rio Grande River, and 600 feet above sea level, only few hours ride by rail from the Mexican Gulf, and near famous hot springs of Topo Chico, Monterey, Mexico.

The South-east Gulf breeze which prevails throughout the year is dry, balmy and invigorating. No swampy or marshy land within hundreds of miles. No malaria or infectious diseases exist. Fruits, including the grape, fig, banana and orange thrive to perfection in the open air all the year 'round. Ice and snow are unknown. **LAREDO** has excellent hotel accommodations, electric lights, water works, electric motor street railways, and all other modern conveniences, good public and private schools, and churches of all the leading denominations.

LAREDO is growing rapidly, and is now the largest port of entry and export on the Mexican frontier. Imports and exports for October over \$1,000,000. Laredo has inexhaustible coal mines in operation, abundance of raw materials, ample water power, plenty of cheap labor and first-class market. City offers land within city limits valued at \$100,000 as donations to manufacturing enterprises. The rapid development of the territory tributary to **LAREDO**, and the increasing business with the Republic of Mexico offers splendid opportunities to Merchants, Manufacturers, Professional men, etc., to engage in business enterprises at **LAREDO**. Address,

THE LAREDO IMPROVEMENT COMPANY,
742 LAREDO, TEXAS.

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE
NO TROUBLE NO BOILING
THE GREATEST INVENTION OF
EVERY AGE. HAVE IT.
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT.
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS.
75¢ PER CAN.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA.

THERE is more than one kind of smokeless powder that is fatal to the ranks of mankind. — *Exchange*.

THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED TYPEWRITER

Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Depart., POPE MFG. Co. Makers of Columbia Cycles, Boston, New York, Chicago.

WHEN you join a church choir you take your chants. — *Merchant Traveler*.

BER LINE — The Manufacture of Honey. — *Ex.*

\$3 Printing Press.
Prints all your cards and labels.
Circular press, \$8. Size for small newspaper, \$44. Rotary Jobber, 9 x 13, \$100. Full printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue presses, type, cards, etc., to factory
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Arnold, Constable & Co. UPHOLSTERY.

Novelties in Damas, Brocatelle, Lampas and Tapestry effects.

AUBUSSON and Baveux Furniture Coverings. PORTIERES.

Lace Curtains, Draperies, Table Scarfs, Piano Covers.

Broadway & 19th St.
New York.

A LONG- FELT WANT.
FRIEND (to EDITOR).— Who is putting up for the new literary weekly?

EDITOR.— A friend of mine, and he's got lots of money.

FRIEND.— What particular long-felt want does the paper fill?

EDITOR.— While it lasts it will give me plenty of bread with nice thick butter. — *Epoch*.

HE PREFERRED THE CITRON.
"Vwich cookies you rudder haf, Meester, de vwones mit holes in de meedle, or de vwones mit citron in de meedle?"

"Av it don't mahk ahny difference to yez, Mem, Oi'll tahk de ones wid de citron. Oi'm fonder av citron dan av holes, Mem." — *Ex.*

COLD COMFORT.
"Can you let me have a couple of dollars, old man?"

"Can't do it, my boy; I just loaned Smith the last cent I had. You're too late."

"I'm sorry I'm too late. It's just my luck."

"Oh, well," was the comforting response; "remember the old saying: 'Better late than never.'" — *Epoch*.

CABINET SEKT

Without exception the purest and best Champagne. The favorite of Kaiser Wilhelm II.

THOMSEN & CO.,
87 Wall Street. Sole Agents.

5th CROP. PICKINGS

25 Cts. FROM 30 Cts.
per Copy. **PUCK** by Mail.

Everything new! Everything new!
Here's PICKINGS FROM PUCK, 5TH CROP, for you!
Full of giggles and roars and smiles,
With little snickers chucked in 'tween whites;
And not a giggle, a smile or a roar
That you met in One, Two, Three or Four.
Every Crop in itself is a host,
And we can not quite tell which you'll like the most —
But of all these budgets of mirth and jest,
The latest, we think, is a little the best.
And so out your little round Quarter you chuck,
And cavort away with your PICKINGS FROM PUCK!

WILHELMSQUELLE (BLUE LABEL) KRONTHAL (RED LABEL)

Natural Mineral Waters

From the famous springs of **HAD KRONTHAL, TAUNUS, GERMANY.** Best of Table waters of great hygienic qualities. For sale by all leading groceries, liquor dealers and druggists.
GALWEY & FELDMANN, NEW YORK,
SOLE AGENTS.



C. C. SHAYNE,

MANUFACTURER OF

Sealskin Garments

AND ALL

Leading Fashionable Furs,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Specialty made of Gentlemen's Fur-lined Overcoats, Caps, Gloves and Sleigh Robes.

124 West 42d Street,
and 103 Prince Street,
New York. 713
Fashion Book mailed Free!

Darlington, Runk & Co.

SPECIAL OPENING

RICH FURS and FUR GARMENTS.

SEAL JACKETS, WRAPS, ULSTERS, LONG SEAL WRAPS, ROBES, MUFFS and BOAS.
GENTS' FUR-LINED OVERCOATS, GENTS' SEAL DRIVING CAPS, COLLARS and GLOVES.
COACHMEN'S SETS, FOOT MUFFS, RUGS and MATS.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

HOLIDAY PRESENT.



Shipman's Fountain Pen, \$2.00.
Shipman's Stylographic Pen, \$1.00.

ASA L. SHIPMAN'S SONS,
10 Murray St., [Mention Puck.] New York.
We use nothing but the best gold pens in our Fountain Holders.

THE Ideal Place for a Game of Poker — The Anteroom. — *Boston Post*.

Crosse & Blackwell's FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits

AND REFINED SUGAR,

ARE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

IN THE UNITED STATES. 62

No matter how mild or inoffensive a man may be, he won't be cheated out of his turn in a barber shop without spilling blood. — *Epoch*.

Simpson, Crawford & Simpson, 6th Ave. and 19th St., New York,

Importers and Retailers of Staple & Fancy

DRY GOODS

Of every description. Lowest prices in America consistent with the quality of the goods. Mail orders promptly filled. Samples of Silks, Dress Goods, Laces and Ribbons sent free on application.

On all prepaid orders amounting to \$25.00 and over we deliver goods FREE (Cornices and Curtain Poles excepted) to any part of the United States accessible by mail or express. Goods will be sent by express unless otherwise ordered.

SIMPSON, CRAWFORD & SIMPSON.



"THE MARQUIS."
Directions "How to Order," prices,
etc., mailed free, on application.
Address 807
N. ESPENSCHIED,
NEW YORK.

HENRY LINDENMEYER,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.
Nos. 15 & 17 BEEKMAN STREET.
BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUTON ST. } NEW YORK.

OLD RELIABLE.

WE OFFER SPECIAL BARGAINS THIS WEEK IN
EXTRA FINE F. & H. THIBETS, TRICOTS, AND FINE
DIAGONALS, SUITABLE FOR FINE DRESS WEAR.
THESE GOODS ARE SPECIALLY SOFT FINISH AND
WARRANTED NOT TO WEAR GLOSSY.

COAT AND VEST TO ORDER, \$15.00.
TROUSERS " " 5.00.

ALSO, A GREAT VARIETY IN NEAT SILK MIXTURES
AND STRIPES.

Suits to Order, \$16. Trousers to Order, \$4.

SPECIAL LOT

OF GLOBE AND BURLINGTON KERSEYS, WORRUMBO,
ELYSIAN, AND CHINCHILLAS, WARRANTED ALL
WOOL AND ABSOLUTELY FAST COLORS.

OVERCOATS TO ORDER, \$18.

WITH CHOICE OF SILK, SATIN, WOOLEN, OR
SERGE LINING.

WE WARRANT VELVET COLLARS AND LININGS,
IN FACT, BINDING, BUTTONS, AND EVERY PART OF
THE GARMENT. SHOULD THEY NOT PROVE EN-
TIRELY SATISFACTORY, YOU HAVE OUR WRITTEN
GUARANTEE FOR ONE YEAR, WHICH WE ALWAYS
CHEERFULLY COMPLY WITH.

SAMPLES, FASHION REVIEW, TAPE MEASURE, AND
OUR SIMPLE GUIDE FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT
MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

ARNHEIM'S

Mammoth Tailoring Establishment,
BOWERY AND SPRING ST.,
NEW YORK.

"EVERY THING goes" with the spendthrift.—*Ex.*

Rowland's Odonto

A PURE, FRAGRANT, NON-GRITTY TOOTH POWDER.
WHITENS THE TEETH, PREVENTS AND ARRESTS DE-
CAY, HARDENS THE GUMS AND SWEETENS THE
BREATH. ASK DRUGGISTS FOR ROWLAND'S ODONTO.
OF 26 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, ENGLAND.

SHE OBEYED ORDERS.

MISTRESS.—Are these the apples I sent you
to get?

BRIDGET.—They are that same.

MISTRESS.—Why have you bitten them all?

BRIDGET.—Sure, Mum, ye tould me to git
nothin' but good atin' apples, an' I tasted ivery
wan iv thim; an' what wid the grane wans an'
the wormy wans, I'm like to die!—*Harper's*
Bazar.

THE ACT OF A FRIEND.

WITTIX.—I did you a great favor while I
was waiting for you.

CRITIX.—Much obliged to you, old man.
What was it?

WITTIX.—I cut the leaves of Gusher's book,
which you slashed so in your last review column.

CRITIX.—Thanks, awfully.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A LONG-NEEDED SEA STORY.

PUBLISHER.—I wish you would write us a
good sea story.

GREAT AUTHOR.—But I have never been to
sea.

PUBLISHER.—I know it. I want a sea story
that people can understand.—*New York Weekly.*

There never was a perfect liniment offered to the
public till *Salvation Oil* was discovered.
Ole Bull, the famed violinist, was not related to
Dr. Bull, the Cough Syrup man.

PAINLESS. EFFECTUAL.

BEECHAM'S PILLS.



The Great English Medicine. Generally affirmed to be
"Worth a Guinea a box."

**For Weak Stomach,
Impaired Digestion,
= Sick Headache, =
Disordered Liver.**

Sold by all Druggists. PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens,
Lancashire, England.

B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents for United States,
365 & 367 Canal St., New York.

who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's
Pills on receipt of price—but inquire first. Please mention Puck.

Good morning!

HAVE YOU USED
PEARS' SOAP

FOR THE

FACE AND HANDS?

"PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

PEARS obtained the only gold medal awarded
solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the
world. *Highest possible distinction.*

The England
Popular Broadcloths
Diagonal for
Worsted Evening
and Dress
West of Suits.



To Order from \$30. SATIN LINED to Button
Hole, if required.

Nicoll
Le Tailor

Bowery 145 & 147, and 771 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

CLARKSON is said to be a great hand-shaker;
that is, he has "shaken" nearly all the democratic
hands employed in his department.—*Exchange.*

ONEITA

Cures Rheumatism, Gout, Dyspepsia, Kidney
and Liver Troubles.

It is recommended by leading physicians. Unsurpassed as
a Table Water.

Send for circulars with analysis.

ONEITA SPRING COMPANY,

UTICA, N. Y.

658*

J. M. BELL & CO., 31 Broadway, New York.

PUCK'S LIBRARY

1.—"The National Game." Being Puck's Best Things About Base-ball.

2.—"The Summer Boarder." Being Puck's Best Things About That Afflicted Creature.

3.—"Just Dog." Being Puck's Best Things About That Amosin' Animale.

4.—"Hayseed Hits." Being Puck's Best Things About the Merry Rustic and His Ways.

5.—"The Funny Baby." Being Puck's Best Things About Our Household Angels.

6.—"Sassietty." Being Puck's Best Things About The World of Fashion and Frivolity.

7.—"Our Foreign Fellow-Citizens." Being Puck's Best Things About Americans of All Nationalities.

8.—"The Great American Boarding-House." Being

Puck's Best Things About That Abode of Happiness.

9.—"Freddy's Slate." Being His Own Record of His Doings and Sayings.

10.—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Being Puck's Best Things About The Great American Traveler.

11.—"Shop." Being Puck's Best Things About The Busy World of Trade.

12.—"Suburban." Being Puck's Best Things About the Country of the Commuter.

13.—"Help." Being Puck's Best Things About The Great American Servant Girl.

14.—"Brudder Shinbones." Being Puck's Best Things About Our Colored Sassietty.

15.—"City Sketches." Being Puck's Best Things About The Merry Metropolis.

JUST OUT:

PUCK'S LIBRARY No. 30.



Being Puck's Best Things About Winter Sports.

16.—"The Small Boy." Being Puck's Best Things About The Ubiquitous Younger Brother.

17.—"Is Marriage a Failure?" Being Puck's Best Things About Mothers-in-law and Other Matrimonial Matters.

18.—"Out West." Being Puck's Best Things About The Wild and Woolly Wilderness.

19.—"Chin." Being Puck's Best Things About Book-Agents, Barbers and Other Bore.

20.—"Hi! Art." Being Puck's Best Things About The Eccentric and Interesting Children of Genius.

21.—"Very Young Man." Being Puck's Best Things About That Fresh and Frolicsome Citizen.

22.—"Show Business." Being Puck's Best Things About Artists and Fakirs.

23.—"Best Girl." Being Puck's Best Things About Other Fellows' Sisters.

24.—"On the Road." Being Puck's Best Things About Travelers, Tourists, and Their Tribulations.

25.—"Out Doors." Being Puck's Best Things About Summer Sports.

26.—"Fly-Time." Being Puck's Best Things About the Torrid Term.

27.—"All At Sea." Being Puck's Best Things About Fresh-Water Fairies and Sad Sea-Dogs.

28.—"Snap-Shots." Being Puck's Best Things About Any Thing and Everything.

29.—"Round Town." Being Puck's Best Things About Those Who Go Up and Down in the Great Big Town.

30.—"Fun at Zero." Being Puck's Best Things About Winter Sports.

10c. Newsdealers. Any one of these issues mailed by the publishers on receipt of price, 10 cents per copy.

STEINWAY

The Standard Pianos of the World!

The Largest Establishment in Existence.
Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for Invalids as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass. 133

"I CALLED to see you just as a matter of curiosity," said the dime museum manager to the armless phenomenon. — *Exchange*.

MAGIC LANTERNS

And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc. A profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also, Lanterns for Home Amusement. 152 page Catalogue free. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N.Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of All STOMACH BITTERS, AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

We grow heavy mustache, in 20 to 30 days. DYKE'S 2 or 3 Pigs, 50 c. per box. As proof, send 2 to dealer and Pig's, for 25c. profit. Stamp taken.



whiskers, and hair on bald heads. BEARD ELIXIR, the only remedy. Agents, 50 c. per box. No experience need out trouble, we mail, anybody, 4 for \$50, or 12 for \$1. We sell no Smith Mfr. Co. Palestine, Ills.

STOUT

PEOPLE! WEIGHT REDUCED WITHOUT STARVATION DIET. Treatise and instruction for Six stamps. E. K. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, N. Y.

THE man who goes on the theory that the world owes him a living, finds it hard to collect even the interest on the debt. — *Ex.*

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic and in agreeable stimulant." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

Just Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.

Sold by storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L^d, London 372

PISO'S CURE FOR

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

CONSUMPTION

MORPHINE

AND OPIUM HABITS cured in thirty to sixty days, at your own home. No Pain. Detention from Business. Sleeplessness. Nervousness or Cough. Gain of 20 lbs. in weight guaranteed. Absolutely safe. Sent book with cures, and inducements by most eminent European and American physicians. Treatment hygienically or by the stomach. Special terms to Doctors and Druggists. A marvelous discovery. Correspondence inviolably confidential.

Dr. HENRY HUBBELL, 41 Union Square, New York. 784

EDEN MUSÉE

55 W. 23d STREET. OPEN FROM 11 TO 11; SUNDAYS 1 TO 11.
WAX TABLEAUX.—ART GALLERY.—ERDELYI NACZ'S HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA.
The Great Austro-Hungarian Divertisement of Dancing, Club Swinging, Fencing, Tableaux Vivants,
BY A SELECT COMPANY OF 16 BEAUTIFUL LADIES. — Admission, 50 Cts. Children, 25 Cts.

OUT OF SOCIETY.

MRS. DE FASHION. — How is this, my daughter? I hear that since your marriage you have dropped out of society.

MRS. DE SENSE. — No, mother, I did n't drop out. I climbed out. — *New York Weekly*.

ANOTHER MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

FIRST DUDE. — Say, Ahthah, how does a fellow see with these single bawelled eye-glasses?

SECOND DUDE. — Do youh seeing with the othah eye, booby. — *New York Weekly*.

No Christmas and New Year's Table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned Appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

Cleaver's Transparent Toilet Soap

Best & Cheapest Without Rival.

ASTHMA CURED

SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMA CURE

Instantly relieves the most violent attack. No waiting for results. Its action is immediate, direct and certain, and a cure is the result in all curable cases. Single trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 20c. and \$1.00, of druggists or by mail. Trial package free to any address. Dr. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.



30 CENTS.
BY MAIL, 35 CENTS.
IN BOARDS, 50 CENTS.



MAGIC LANTERNS with a Dozen Slides, \$5, \$12, \$25, \$50, \$100. Plays. Entertainments. List free. WEMYSS & CO., 21 Beekman St., N. Y.

A GROWING COUNTRY.

TEACHER. — How many States are there?
BRIGHT BOY. — Please, Ma'am, I have n't seen the morning papers. — *New York Weekly*.

PRICE \$12 00 PER CASE.



"No," said the boodle alderman, "I shall not lend my vote to such a thieving scheme." And he did n't lend it, he sold it. — *Time*.



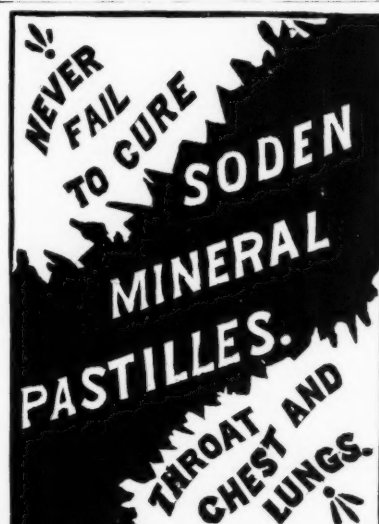
The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold.

The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.

The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WASTING DISEASES, may take the remedy with as much satisfaction as he would take milk. Physicians are prescribing it everywhere. It is a perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. Take no other



CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.



FOR BRAIN-WORKERS & SEDENTARY PEOPLE. Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 in. square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 20,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Send for ill'd circular, 40 eng's; no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th St., New York.

INFORMATION FREELY GIVEN. — MRS. FANGLE (who is reading the paper). — What are these Caledonian sports, dear FANGLE. — Caledonian sports are Scotch dices. — *Exchange*.

SANITAS

Non-Poisonous Disinfectants

The Best Antiseptics and Deodorants known to science. Do not stain nor corrode. Fragrant.

KEEP YOUR HOMES HEALTHY AND FREE FROM SICKNESS BY USING "SANITAS."

FLUIDS, OIL, POWDERS, SOAPS

"Sanitas" is prepared from Essential Oil of Pine, and is a powerful air purifier. AT DRUGGISTS.

For Reports by Medical and Chemical Experts, prices in bulk, &c., apply to the Factory, 634-642 West 55th St., N. Y.

ULLRICH'S FOUNTAIN PENS

are the best made. Holds ink for week's use. Price \$1.50 and upwards. AGENTS WANTED. Circulars free.

J. C. ULLRICH & CO., 108 Liberty St., New York.



THE CLEMENTS SAFE

Is a wrought-iron, fire-proof, combination lock safe; is made in all sizes, and sells from \$35.00 upward, including cost of delivery at any railroad station east of Rocky Mountains. Send for illustrated catalogue.

M. CLEMENTS, CINCINNATI, O. Established 1859.

It is so easy to get up early in the morning before you have gone to bed.—*Atchison Globe*.

And now they say Shakespeare was like a Western highwayman, because he held up the stage.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.



WEIS & CO.

Manufacturers of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail, 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker Street, and Vienna, Austria. Sterling silver-mounted Pipes and Bowls made up in newest designs. Catalogue FREE. Please mention Puck.

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.

A few good men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full terms address, Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

Cheap John Houses are Trying to Imitate

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

DIVIDING THE SORROW.

SUBSCRIBER.—Say, what kind of a thing do you call this? Is it a joke? Pretty rough sending out a thing of that sort, and expecting a man to read it.

EDITOR.—Yes; it's bad—very bad, I must admit. But, my friend, your trial is as nothing compared with mine. You only have to read it once; in point of fact you need not do that; you can skip it. Now look at me. I've got to think it out first and argue myself into the belief that it's worth printing. Then I write it; read it over; tear it up; re-write it; re-read it; correct a lot of errors in it; discover that I've left out the only good point in it; interline that; send it to the printer; have it returned to me in proof; find that he has omitted the funny part, too; interline that again; read it again when the paper is out, and discover that the gleam of brightness is still missing. Shall I strike your name from the list?

SUBSCRIBER (with a look of profound pity).—No, that sort of suffering ought to be divided up into small chunks. You can send the paper for a year to the preacher of my wife's church, and any other Christian martyr you've a mind to name, and I'll pay for them.—*Texas Siftings*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

THE SUPERB PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED. It is so designated by both ladies and gentlemen because it presents every convenience that they could command in their own homes. The ladies' maid in attendance have wonderfully increased its popularity with the fair sex. The Limited leaves New York every day at 10:30 A. M., and arrives at Cincinnati at 7:10, and at Chicago 9:45 the next morning.

C. F. MILBURN, the great Wagon Maker of Toledo, Ohio, recommends **BRADYCROTINE** as certain to cure HEADACHE.

A DEARTH OF MATERIAL.

McCORKLE (reading newspaper).—Well, well, here's an exposé!—Another bubble pricked.

Mrs. McCORKLE (peevishly).—Why is it that bubbles are always being pricked by editors? McCORKLE.—Probably because the "soap" does n't hold out.—*Time*.

HE KNEW THE BARBER WAS AROUND.

BARBER.—Razah pull, sah?
CUSTOMER.—Why, you're not shaving me?
BARBER (with a gratified smile).—Oh, yes, sah; nearly fru, sah. Did n't you feel me?
CUSTOMER.—Feel you! Great Governor, yes! I thought you were giving my face a shampoo.—*Texas Siftings*.

UNREASONABLE.

LITTLE MABEL.—Mama, may I have something to eat?

MOTHER (impatiently).—Yes; take this piece of cake, and don't open your mouth again!—*Ex*.

POETS talk of butterflies,
And their beauties, as is shown;
But they pant for Pegasus—
Biggest horse-fly ever known.—*Time*.



MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN WHICH THE CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 5c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

ADVERTISERS

Are invited to examine College and School, the new Monthly Magazine for Parents, Teachers, and Students, UTICA, N. Y.

GREENWAY'S AMERICAN
DOUBLE STOUT, INDIA PALE ALE, HALF & HALF.

IN GLASS OR WOOD, FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE.

RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS. FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.

THE GREENWAY BREWING CO., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

THE reason why Eve ate the apple was probably because she wanted to get some clothes.—*Boston Courier*.
A WOMAN'S WAR CRY—Tears.—*Atchison Globe*.
THE fallen star has never been known to light.—*Ex*.

WHAT IS MORE

Attractive than a pretty face with a fresh, bright complexion? For it use Pozzoni's Powder.

DO YOU SMOKE?
"IDEAL CIGARETTES," made of Finest Imported Tobacco—BEST VALUE ever offered. 100 for \$4.00. 50 for \$2.00. Postpaid, A. J. SWALM & CO., Eighth and Lehigh Ave., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A MELANCHOLY SET.

"The editors of humorous papers are very queer people," remarked young Scribble, "and the queerest thing is that they won't take jokes."—*Time*.

5th Crop, PICKINGS FROM PUCK. 25c.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

BROWN.—I saw you eying that divorced wife of mine with evident admiration last evening. I wondered what you could see in her.

BUFF.—Well, now, that's queer. I was wondering what she could have seen in you.—*Ex*.

AT A PUBLIC DINNER.

Mrs. PONGEE.—Is n't that Mr. Dolliver near the chairman?

PONGEE.—Yes, my dear.

"How utterly miserable he looks! Has he been ill?"

"Oh, no; he's all right. The poor fellow is booked for a funny speech to-night."—*Time*.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. 757*

DETECTIVES

Wanted—shrewd men to act under instructions in Secret Service work. Representatives receive the International Detective, Grannan's Warning Against Fraud, Grannan's Pocket Gallery of Noted Criminals. Those interested in detective business, or desiring to be detectives, send stamp for particulars. Employment for all. Address GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU CO., Arcade, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IN THE

"400"

AND OUT

By C. Jay Taylor.

PRICE PER COPY, ONE DOLLAR.

For sale by all Booksellers. By mail from the publishers on receipt of price.

Address, THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK.

PUCK.



HIS FIRST CASE.

YOUNG DOCTOR (*just graduated*).—Now, as regards diet, you must take a broiled reed bird and a few hot-house strawberries about ten o'clock every morning, and at four o'clock have some clear turtle soup, a bit of venison, some stewed mushrooms, and a pint of dry champagne. Your strength is utterly exhausted.

PATIENT.—Begob, Oi hov that much lift that 'll tache ye not to thry yer jokes on one av the foightin' McGues from Ballyslan.

CLIENT.—What's the use of all this legal gibberish? Can't I transfer this piece of land to my brother-in-law, in plain English?

LEGAL ADVISER.—Impossible, my dear sir! No lawyer in good standing ever yet drew up a document in plain English—it would be the utter ruin of the profession.



The Kind of Doctors and Lawyers of which We Have Altogether Too Many.



This is that great lawyer, Judge Bigbooks, drawing up his own will, in which he leaves all his money to found a free library, and gives his greedy nephews—and nieces nothing.



These are the greedy nephews and nieces on learning that the judge made a technical error in drawing up his will, and that they will get the money after all.



LAWYER (*winding up*).—And now, gentlemen of the jury, with that solid confidence which one man of intelligence feels in the judgement of other men of equal mental force, I leave the case of my client in your hands!



PUCK'S PRIZE PUZZLE. These eminent practitioners are "consulting," and each has an entirely different opinion as to the nature of the disease. QUESTION.—What chance has the patient of getting well?